

# The New Era.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTY."

VOL. VII. NO. 20,

NEWMARKET, C. W. FRIDAY JULY 2, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 332.

## Business Directory.

**John T. Stokes,**  
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in the Court of Queen's Bench for the Counties of York and Peel, Conveyancer, &c., &c., &c.  
Office on Yonge Street.  
Aurora, 25th May, 1855. 16-16

**W. MOSLEY,**  
CONVEYANCER AND LAND AGENT,  
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench.  
Office on Yonge Street.  
Aurora, 25th May, 1855. 16-17

**F. W. BATHURST,**  
TEACHER of Music, Newmarket, C. W. Pianos  
tuned or in Town or Country, on the  
shortest notice. Residence—House of Mr. Bridle,  
Newmarket, Sept. 6, 1855. 16-31

**J. SAXTON,**  
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main Street New-  
market. All kinds of Watches and Clocks  
repaired in order, and warranted.  
WANTED—An Apprentice to learn the Business.  
Newmarket, September 9, 1853. 16-32

**BIBLE DEPOSITORY.**  
BIBLES and Testaments can be had at Society's  
price, upon application to Thomas Nixon, at the  
Bible Depository, opposite Hewitt's Hotel.  
Newmarket, March 26, 1856. 16-10

**GEORGE B. HUTCHCROFT,**  
Wagon, Carriage & Sleigh Maker,  
MAIN Street Newmarket. All Orders executed  
with Despatch.  
Newmarket, Feb. 6, 1856. 16-501

**New Wagon and Carriage Shop.**  
THE undersigned respectfully intimates to his  
friends and the public generally that he has  
recently opened a  
WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP.  
In his new premises, Simpson Street, near the  
Catholic Church, where he is prepared to exe-  
cute all orders with which he may be favored, with  
promptness and dispatch.  
Call and examine the work and hear the prices  
before purchasing elsewhere.  
ROBERT MURRAY.  
Newmarket, May 23, 1856. 16-17

**DR. BENLEY,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,  
NEWMARKET.  
Office—Water Street, foot of Main Street  
Feb. 20, 1857. 16-3

**Armstrong House,**  
ADJOINING THE RAILWAY DEPOT!  
And nearest House to the Steamboat Landing,  
COLLINGWOOD.  
G. W. ARMSTRONG, PROPRIETOR.  
July 3, 1857. 16-22

**Just Printed,**  
AND FOR Sale at this Office, BEANE MARSHALL  
CERTIFICATE, adapted to the use of Ministers  
of all Denominations. Price 3s per dozen, or 6s  
per 100.  
Newmarket, March 26, 1857. 16-10

**RAILROAD HOTEL,**  
NEWMARKET.  
THE proprietor having again resumed the above  
HOTEL respectfully intimates to the travelling  
public that the premises have undergone a thorough  
repair, and he is now prepared for the reception of  
guests. The B.H. contains the finest of the best  
dishes, and the Landlord well supplied.  
JAS. FORSYTH.  
Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1857. 16-37

**Nowmarket Iron Foundry.**  
JAMES ALLAN begs to return thanks for  
past favors, and to intimate that he is pre-  
pared to cast STOVES, SUGAR KETTLES,  
MACHINE CASTINGS, and other articles  
usually required in his line of business.  
A number of SUGAR KETTLES,  
and STOVES, PLOUGHS, on hand for sale.  
Newmarket, February 10th 1854. 16-1

**TO THE AFFLICTED,**  
W. C. HUGHES begs to inform those who are  
afflicted with Cancer, Bores, or other  
skin diseases, that he will warrant a cure  
of any of the above complaints, if the  
Medicine given by him does not cure the  
affliction given by him. He will not leave the afflicted  
until after a fair trial, the money will be returned.  
Aurora, January 24th, 1858. 16-52

**PURE COD LIVER OIL,**  
Can be Obtained at  
**Dr. NASH'S Medical Hall,**  
NEWMARKET.

**HAYING** Just received a large supply; also, the  
Granville Horse's Indian Root Pills, Hol-  
ley's Ointment, and Pills, Rowley's Relief, Pain  
Expeller's Vermifuge, Glandon's Worm Tea,  
Perry's Pills, Vegetable Antibilious Pills, Eye  
Salve, Cherry and Long Wort and Cherry Cordial.  
The above are warranted genuine from the respec-  
tive proprietors.  
Newmarket, March 25th, 1856. 16-6

**Presenters Presents.**  
JUST RECEIVED, at this Office, a splendid as-  
ortment of BOOKS, STATIONERY AND  
FANCY ARTICLES, suitable for Christmas Pres-  
ents. No charge for inspection—call and see.  
NEW ERA OFFICE.  
Newmarket, Nov. 25, 1857. 16-1

**Winn's Auction & Commission Store.**  
THE Subscriber has opened an Auction and  
Commission Store, opposite East of D. E. Edd-  
lestone, Esq.'s Store, Head of Main Street, New-  
market.  
All consignments from the City of Toronto, New-  
market and surrounding country will be promptly  
attended to.  
T. WINN, Auctioneer.  
Newmarket, April 2nd, 1858. 16-10

## Business Directory.

**John T. Stokes,**  
ARCHITECT &c., &c., SHARON, Canada West  
Sharon, Jan. 25, 1856. 16-51

**GEO. HUGHES,**  
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in the  
Court of Queen's Bench for the Counties of York,  
Peel and Simcoe, Conveyancer, &c., &c., &c.  
Brownsville, April, 1857. 16-14

**T. Bishop & Son,**  
BRICK-LAYERS, Plasterers and Stone Masons.  
Dealers in Lime, &c., &c.  
Main Street, Newmarket, May 7, 1857. 16-14

**Dr. E. VERNON,**  
—AURORA—  
RESIDENCE—formerly occupied by Dr. Gel-  
ler.  
Aurora, March 11, 1857. 16-6

**CHARLES MORTIMER, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,  
AURORA. 16-16

**A. BOULTBEE,**  
BARNISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyan-  
cer, &c., Newmarket.  
Newmarket, Oct. 5th, 1855. 16-36

**R. MOORE,**  
BARNISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney  
Conveyancer, &c., Office in the New Court,  
House, next to the County Council Office, Toronto.  
Toronto, June 5, 1857. 16-37

**JOHN R. JONES,**  
BARNISTER-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,  
Conveyancer, &c., Office in Elgin Build-  
ing, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toron-  
to.  
Toronto, June 20, 1855. 16-15

**NORTH RICHARDSON,**  
CONVEYANCER, Land Agent, &c., Commis-  
sioner in the Queen's Bench. Office—Old  
Stand, Prospect St. Patents of Inventions procured  
Newmarket, 1855. 16-1

**INTERNATIONAL**  
Life Assurance Society of London,  
Capital—Half-a-Million Sterling.  
ROBERT H. SMITH,  
Agent.  
Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1855. 16-41

**DR. FINE,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,  
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he  
has REMOVED to his new premises on Lyda  
Street, opposite the Woolen Factory, where he may  
be consulted at all hours, except when absent on  
professional business.  
Newmarket, May 14, 1856. 16-15

**Dr. HACKETT,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c.  
RESIDENCE—Prospect Street, (Garbutt Hill),  
Newmarket. 16-26

**A. J. McCracken,**  
CARRIAGE MAKER, NEWMARKET.  
HAVING recently received in this place  
well equipped to hand a general assortment  
of CARRIAGES, such as  
BAROUCHES, ROCK-A-WAYS,  
Rough and Ready, Phetons, Prince Alberts, Trot-  
ting Buggies, &c.  
Repairing done in a neat and substantial  
manner. 16-3

**SHOP, ON MAIN STREET,**  
Three floors South of the New Era Printing Office  
Newmarket, April 15, 1857. 16-11

**DONALD SUTHERLAND**  
WATER STREET, NEWMARKET,  
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware,  
BOOTS & SHOES.  
Ready-Made Clothing,  
China, Glass and Earthenware.  
The highest price paid for Farm Produce.  
Cash for Wheat, Oats, &c.  
7-117

**Unity Fire and Unity**  
General Insurance Associations,  
OF ENGLAND,  
FOR every description of Fire and Life Assurance  
Business.  
Capital, £2,500,000 Sterling.  
Center Offices—Unity Buildings, Cannon St., Lon-  
don, England.  
Toronto Branch—Toronto Street  
J. W. MARSDEN,  
Agent for the Counties of York and Simcoe.  
Newmarket, July 31, 1857. 16-35

**ROBERT BRODIE,**  
BUILDER, &c., &c.  
Returning thanks for the liberal patronage he  
has received during the past few years, respectfully  
intimates that he is now prepared to contract for the  
erection of BUILDINGS,  
and when required, and all Materials. Shown  
Water Street.  
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1855. 16-26

**E. D. ROGERS,**  
JOINER AND CARPENTER,  
Returning thanks for the liberal patronage con-  
ferred since commencing business in this place,  
would respectfully intimate that he is prepared to  
contract for the  
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,  
of all descriptions—and furnish materials or other-  
wise, as may be agreed upon. He keeps constan-  
ly on hand, a good supply of Sash and Doors. All  
orders received in a most careful and substantial  
manner, and with dispatch.  
Newmarket, Sept. 24, 1857. 16-34

**Mr. ESTEN,**  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.  
OFFICE—Next door to Mr. Boulton's Law Of-  
fice, Eagle Street, Newmarket.  
October 12, 1857. 16-38

**RYAN & HALLEN,**  
CIVIL ENGINEERS,  
AND  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS.  
Offices—Newmarket, County of York.  
JOHN RYAN. R. W. HALLEN.  
December 31, 1856. 16-47

**Just Received,**  
A new and complete assortment of general assortment  
of Paper, Envelopes, Pocket Journals, &c., &c.,  
together with a large Stock of Note, Letter, Fool-  
scap and Fancy Writing Paper, Envelopes, &c., &c.  
Newmarket, Aug. 11, 1857. 16-28

## Poetry.

**The Light at Home.**  
The light at home! how bright it beams  
When evening shades around us fall;  
And from the lattice far it gleams,  
To love, and rest, and comfort all.  
When weary with the toils of day,  
And strive for glory, gold or fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving hands will lift our name  
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night  
The wayward wanderer homeward lies,  
How cheering is the twinkling light,  
Which through the forest gloom he spies!  
It is the light at home, the light  
That loving hearts will light him there,  
And safely through his bosom steal  
The joy and love that banish care  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from under cottage door,  
The weary wanderer's eyes are o'er!  
Sal is the sentiment does not know  
The blessings that thy beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the darkest hour  
Around the light at home!

John in expiation of thy sins, better give it  
to thy father. Dear son, recall all that which I  
have done for thee when an infant, the care  
which I have taken for thirty years to raise  
thee. Think of the blessings which God pro-  
fuses to those who honor, here below, their pa-  
rents. Think of the curses that will be heaped  
upon you if you are the murderer of thy fa-  
ther.

These touching words moved the heart of  
the son, but he alleged the hatred of his wife,  
and for the sake of peace commanded him to  
be gone. "Oh! where shall I go?" cried the  
old man, "strangers will not receive me; when  
even my own son rejects me; without money  
and without resource I shall have to beg the  
bread which alone will keep me from starving."

Thus speaking, the face of the old man was  
bathed in tears. "Taking his staff, and rising,  
he prayed to God to pardon his son; but, be-  
fore going out, asked a last favor. "Winter  
approaches," said he, "and if God condemn me  
to live till that time, I shall have nothing to  
defend me from the cold. The cloak which I  
wear is in tatters. A remembrance of all  
those which I have given thee during my life,  
grant me, dear son, one of those. I ask only  
one of the worst; one that you have long  
since ceased to wear." Even this small favor  
was refused. The wife replied that there was  
not a cloak in the house for him. He at last  
asked for at least one of the two coverings  
which served for the horse; and the son then  
seeing that there was no other way, made a  
sign to his young children to bring one.

He had not seen the aid of his respecta-  
ble grandfather without emotion; and I have  
readily told you that he had a good heart.  
He went to the stable, took the best horse-  
cloth, cut it in two, and then gave one half to  
the old man. "Everybody wishes my death,"  
cried the old man sobbing, "I have obtained  
this feeble aid for my misery, and they en-  
joy me even this."

The son could not refrain from scolding his  
child for disobeying his orders, in giving to his  
grandfather but one half of the covering.  
"Fardon, sir," replied the youth; "but I  
thought that you wished grandfather's death,  
and I wanted to help you. The other half of  
the covering shall not be lost; I will keep it  
to give to you when you have grown old."

This tacit reproach astonished the pious  
son. He saw his error; throwing himself at  
the feet of his father, he entreated his pardon;  
and making him re-enter the house placed in  
his hands all his goods; and ever after treated  
him with all due care and respect.

Remember well this history, ye fathers who  
have children to marry. Be wiser than this  
man and never, like him, involve your self in  
needless troubles. Your children, without  
doubt, love you well, and your whole belief  
is; but your own happiness will be best as-  
sured by preserving them from temptation.

TIME—Nothing is more precious than time,  
nothing less valued.

USEFULNESS.—Blessed are they who see  
the day of glory, but more blessed are they  
who contribute to its approach.

PENITENCE.—He that will  
make a vow of gold, says the proverb, "must  
knock in a nail every day."

Principles, motives, and actions, are all  
under the direct inspection of the omnipotent  
and omniscient God.

The more skillfully the language of  
goodness is assumed, the greater the depravity.

THE HEART.—Generally men's hearts ex-  
ceed them no officer than they trust in them,  
and then they never fail to do so.—Owen.

EDUCATION.—"Seek for your children in or-  
der—first, moral excellence; second, intellec-  
tual improvement; third, physical well-being;  
last of all, worldly thrift and prosperity, and  
you may attain the blessing promised to Chris-  
tian nurture."

TRUTH.—Truth needs not the aid of  
passion; yea, nothing so deserves it as passion  
when set to serve it. The spirit of truth is  
withal the spirit of meekness. The above  
that rested on the great champion of Truth,  
who is the truth itself, is from him derived to  
the lovers of truth; and they shall seek the  
participation of it.

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost all his interest  
in both wife and children. And now," said  
he, "if we would educate but one class of  
our children, we would choose the girls, for  
when they become mothers they educate their  
sons." This is the point, and it is true when  
mothers are not in a good degree qualified to  
discharge the duties of the home work of edu-  
cation."

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost all his interest  
in both wife and children. And now," said  
he, "if we would educate but one class of  
our children, we would choose the girls, for  
when they become mothers they educate their  
sons." This is the point, and it is true when  
mothers are not in a good degree qualified to  
discharge the duties of the home work of edu-  
cation."

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost all his interest  
in both wife and children. And now," said  
he, "if we would educate but one class of  
our children, we would choose the girls, for  
when they become mothers they educate their  
sons." This is the point, and it is true when  
mothers are not in a good degree qualified to  
discharge the duties of the home work of edu-  
cation."

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost all his interest  
in both wife and children. And now," said  
he, "if we would educate but one class of  
our children, we would choose the girls, for  
when they become mothers they educate their  
sons." This is the point, and it is true when  
mothers are not in a good degree qualified to  
discharge the duties of the home work of edu-  
cation."

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost all his interest  
in both wife and children. And now," said  
he, "if we would educate but one class of  
our children, we would choose the girls, for  
when they become mothers they educate their  
sons." This is the point, and it is true when  
mothers are not in a good degree qualified to  
discharge the duties of the home work of edu-  
cation."

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost all his interest  
in both wife and children. And now," said  
he, "if we would educate but one class of  
our children, we would choose the girls, for  
when they become mothers they educate their  
sons." This is the point, and it is true when  
mothers are not in a good degree qualified to  
discharge the duties of the home work of edu-  
cation."

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost all his interest  
in both wife and children. And now," said  
he, "if we would educate but one class of  
our children, we would choose the girls, for  
when they become mothers they educate their  
sons." This is the point, and it is true when  
mothers are not in a good degree qualified to  
discharge the duties of the home work of edu-  
cation."

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost all his interest  
in both wife and children. And now," said  
he, "if we would educate but one class of  
our children, we would choose the girls, for  
when they become mothers they educate their  
sons." This is the point, and it is true when  
mothers are not in a good degree qualified to  
discharge the duties of the home work of edu-  
cation."

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost all his interest  
in both wife and children. And now," said  
he, "if we would educate but one class of  
our children, we would choose the girls, for  
when they become mothers they educate their  
sons." This is the point, and it is true when  
mothers are not in a good degree qualified to  
discharge the duties of the home work of edu-  
cation."

THE MOTHER Moulds THE MAN.—That it  
is the mother who moulds the man, it is  
sentiment beautifully illustrated by the follow-  
ing recorded observation of a shrewd writer:  
"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians,  
I held a conversation with one of their chiefs  
respecting the successive stages of their pro-  
gressing in the arts of civilized life; and  
among other things, he informed me that at  
their start they fell into a great mistake; they  
only sent boys to school. These boys came  
home intelligent men, but they married un-  
educated and uncivilized wives—and the unfor-  
tunate result was the children were all like  
themselves. The father soon lost











